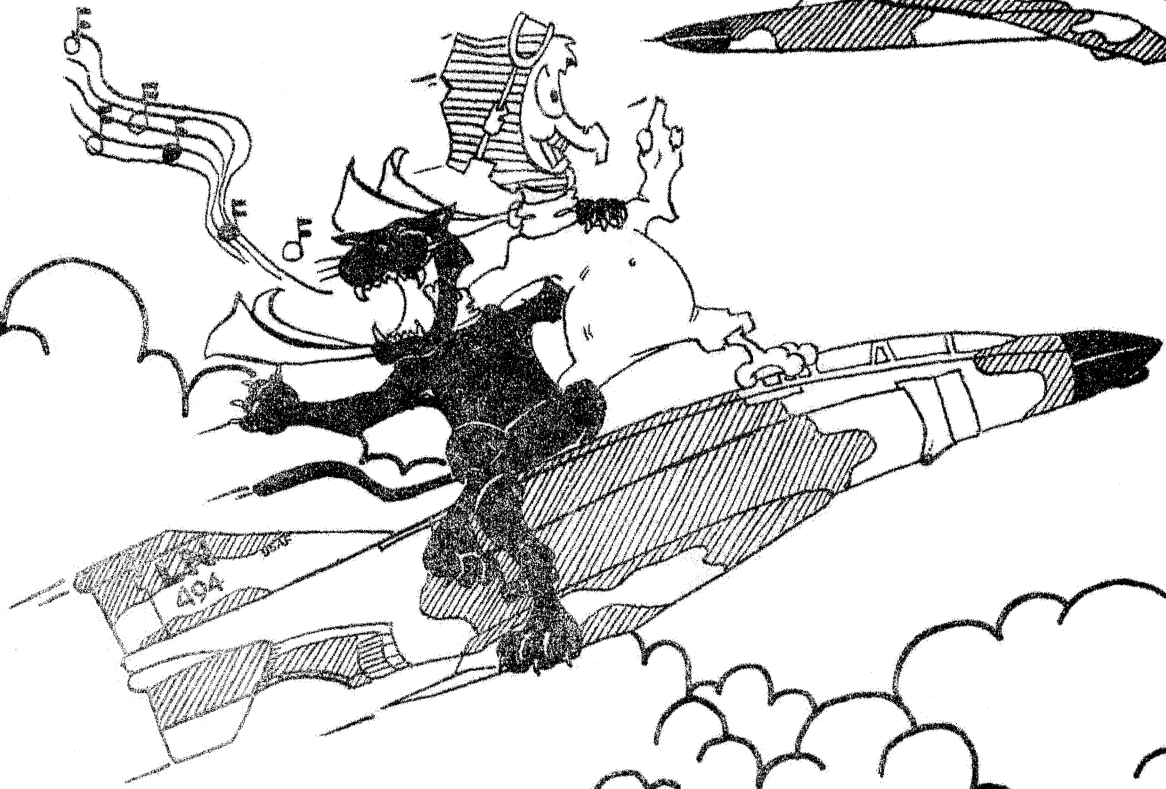
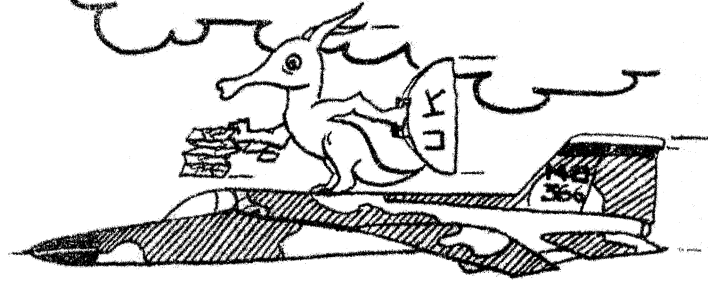


494

77

phantom
Song Book



Lt Col Jim Grassman
Commander

Major Rick High
Ops Officer



Command Post

Lt Col Frank Johnson
Capt Bill Jones
Capt Ray Osborn
Capt Bob Whitney

Capt Bob Allen
Capt Stan Baker
Capt Bill Bley
Capt Harry "FAC" Calvino
Capt Tim Chatagnier
Capt Jim Conrad
Capt Rick Davignon
Capt Jim Echlin
Capt Pete "Glucose" Glushko
Capt Ray Gorczyca
Capt Sam "Bubba" Hays
Capt Bill "Willie" Irons
Capt Cashmir "Cash" Jaszczak
Capt Mike "Zoom & Boom" Krenek
Capt Jim Kunzman
Capt Bill Kyle
Capt Dan "Lumpy" Lohmeyer
Capt Sid "Hook" Lorio
Capt Mark Melancon
Capt Ed "Beak" Miller
Capt Steve Plummer
Capt Terry Rice
Capt Joe "Lurch" Richardson
Capt Dave "Country" Roberts
Capt Rick Rohrer
Capt Gary "Rosie" Rosevold
Capt Gene "Caruso" Stuart
Capt Kerry Talor
Capt Rob "Maxie" Sneed

Capt John Walker
1Lt Milt Ames
1Lt Jim Bisset
1Lt Frank Boyd
1Lt "Whispering" Bernie Bullock
1Lt "Bullet" Bob Cohen
1Lt Hal Donahue
1Lt Steve Doucet
1Lt Rick "Ace" Dunn
1Lt Dan Farmer
1Lt Jerry "The Kid" Gillespie
1Lt Ken "Cubby" Klimes
1Lt Orville "Orv" Lind
1Lt Bob Mattingly
1Lt Mark "Zoom & Boom" Postai
1Lt Ray Singleton
1Lt Dale "WW" Wainwright
1Lt Tom "Wheels" Wheeler
1Lt Bill Yucius
Attached
Col Bradford Sharp, DO
Lt Col John "Doc" Eady
Capt Bernie Fowle
Capt Herb Johnson
Capt Ken Klesner
Capt Jim "Fish" Machos
Capt Paul "Green King" Matys
Capt Gary "Moon" Mullins
Capt Jim Seawell

THE 494TH FIGHTER PILOT'S SONGBOOK

INTRODUCTION

This is a word of warning a warning to those readers whose tender sensibilities may, or more accurately will, be offended by the language of these ballads. But it is no apology to them. For these are the songs that are sung by fighter pilots throughout the English speaking world. They reflect the manners of men at war, the morals of pilots who drink to forget for an evening the combat mission they must fly at dawn.

Many of these lyrics were adapted by pilots of the Korean conflict, after having been popular among the same warriors during WWII. Therefore, these are not the songs of a particular degenerate generation. They are, however, an integral part of military life in the field.

You must accept or ignore them as we accept or ignore the conditions that inspired their authors to write them and us to sing them.

FIGHTER PILOT'S LAMENT

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh, the place is full of queers,
Navigators, bombardiers
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray
Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray
They are in the USO's,
Wearing ribbons, fancy clothes
Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray.

Oh, the bomber pilots life is just a farce
Oh, the bomber pilots life is just a farce
The automatic pilots on,
He's reading novels in the john
Oh, the bomber pilots life is just a farce.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing
The place is full of brass
Sitting 'round on their fat ass
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States
They are off on foreign shores
Making mothers out of whores
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in Japan
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in Japan
They are all across the bay
Being shot at every day
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in Japan

Oh, it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice
It'll wreck your reputation
But increase the population
It's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice

Oh, a bomber pilot never takes a dare,
Oh, a bomber pilot never takes a dare,
His gyros are uncaged,
and his woman overaged,
Oh, the bomber pilot never takes a dare.

When a bomber jock walks into our club,
When a bomber jock walks into our club,
He doesn't drink his share of suds,
All he does is flub his cub,
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

AIR FORCE SONG

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder
Climbing high, into the sun.
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder
At 'em boys, give her the gun.
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,
Off with one hell of a roar,
We live in fame, or go down in flame,
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force.

CHORUS

Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
The vastness of the sky.
To a friend we send a message of
His brother men who fly,
We drink to those who gave their all of old
As down we roar to score the rainbow's spot of gold.
Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
The U.S. Air Force.

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,
Set it high into the blue;
Hands of men blasted the world asunder;
How they lived God only knew! (God only knew then!)
Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer
Gave us wings, ever to soar!
With fighters before and bombers galore
Nothing 'll stop the U.S. Air Force.

Off we go into the wild sky yonder,
Keep the wings level and true;
If you'd live to be a grey-haired wonder
Keep your nose out of the blue! (Out of the blue, boy!)
Flying men, guarding the nation's border,
We'll be there, followed by more!
In echelon we carry on,
Nothing 'll stop the U.S. Air Force!

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Little Miss Muffet, sat on a tuffet
Eating her curds and weigh.
Along came a spider,
And sat down beside her,
And ate her little pussy 'til her head caved in!

THE DUCHESS

Oh, the duchess, she was dressing
Dressing for the ball
When out the window'
She did spy him
Pissing on the wall.

CHORUS:

So, she sent him a letter
And in it she did say
I'd rather be fucked by you
Than my husband any day.

CHORUS:

So, he mounted on his charger
And through the streets he did ride
With his balls slung o're his shoulder
And his cock lashed to his side.

CHORUS:

Oh, he rode into the courtyard
He rode into the hall
"My God!," cried the butler
"He's come to fuck us all"

CHORUS:

Oh, he fucked the cook in the kitchen
He fucked the maid in the hall
But when he fucked the butler
'Twas the dirtiest fuck of all

CHORUS:

Then he mounted on his charger
And rode into the streets
With little drops of semen
Pitter-pattering at his feet.

CHORUS:

Oh, they say he's gone to Hades
They say he's down in hell
They say he fucks the devil
And I know he fucks him well.

CHORUS:

CHORUS:

With his little white kidney wipe:
And balls the size of these
And a half yard of foreskin
Hangin' down below his knees
Oh, hangin' down
Oh, hangin' down
With a half yard of foreskin
Hangin' down below his knees.

ADELINE SCHMIDT

There was once a maiden named Adeline Schmidt
She went to the doctor 'cause she couldn't shit
He gave her some medicine all wrapped up in glass
Up went the window and out went her ass.

It was brown, brown shit falling down
It was brown, brown shit all around
It was brown, brown shit falling down
The whole world was covered with SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT.

A handsome young copper was walking his beat
He happened to be on that side of the street
He looked up to bashful, He looked up so shy
and a great gob of shit hit him right in the eye.

It was brown, brown shit falling down
It was brown, brown shit all around
It was brown, brown shit falling down
The whole world was covered with SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT.

The handsome young copper, he cursed and he swore
He called that young maiden a dirty fuckin' whore
'Neath London bridge he is now forced to sit
With a sign 'round his neck saying "Blinded by Shit."

It was brown, brown shit falling down
It was brown, brown shit all around
It was brown, brown shit falling down
The whole world was covered with SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT.

PLEASE DON'T BURN THE SHIT HOUSE DOWN

Please don't burn the shithouse down,
Mother has promised to pay.
Mother is drunk, Father's in jail,
Sister's in a family way.

Brother dear is a fuckin' queer,
Times are fuckin' hard.
So, please don't burn the shithouse down,
Or we'll all have to shit in the yard.

SAMMY SMALL
(SEA Version)

Oh, come 'round us fighter pilots, fuck 'em all,
Oh, come 'round us fighter pilots, fuck 'em all,
Oh, we fly the goddamn plane
Through the flak and through the rain,
And tomorrow we'll do it again, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, they tell us not to think, fuck 'em all,
Oh, they tell us not to think, fuck 'em all,
Oh, they tell us not to think,
Just to dive and just to jink,
LBJ's a goddamn fink, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, we bombed MuGia Pass, fuck 'em all,
Oh, we bombed MuGia Pass, fuck 'em all,
Oh, we bombed MuGia Pass,
Though we only made one pass,
They really stuck it up our ass, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, we're on a JCS, fuck 'em all,
OH, we're on a JCS, fuck 'em all,
Oh they sent the whole damn wing,
Probably half of us will sing,
What a silly fucking thing, so fuck 'em all,

Oh, we lost our fucking way, fuck 'em all,
Oh, we lost our fucking way, fuck 'em all,
Oh, we strafed goddamn Hanoi,
Killed every fuckin' girl and boy,
What a goddamn fucking joy, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, my bird got all shot up, fuck 'em all,
Oh, my bird got all shot up, fuck 'em all,
Oh, my bird it did get shot,
And I'll probably cry a lot,
But I still think that it's shit hot, so fuck 'em all.

While I'm swinging in my chute, fuck 'em all,
While I'm swinging in my chute, fuck 'em all,
While I'm tangled in my chute,
Comes this silly fucking toot,
Hangs a medal on my root, so F-U-C-K 'EM A-I-L.

SAMMY SMALL

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all,
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all,
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, and I only have one ball,
But it's better than none at all, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, they say I killed a man, fuck 'em all,
Oh, they say I killed a man, fuck 'em all,
They say I shot him dead, with a piece of fucking lead
Now that silly fucker's dead, so fuck 'em, all.

Oh, they say I'm going to swing, fuck 'em all,
Oh, they say I'm going to swing, fuck 'em all,
Oh, they say i'm going to swing, from a piece of fucking string,
What a silly fucking thing, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, the parson he will come, so fuck 'em all,
Oh, the parson he will come, so fuck 'em all,
Oh, the parson he will come, with his tales of kingdom come,
He can shove 'em up his bum, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, the hangman wore a mask, fuck 'em all,
Oh, the hangman wore a mask, fuck 'em all,
Oh, the hangman wore a mask, for his silly fucking task,
What a silly fucking ass, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck 'em all,
Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck 'em all,
Oh, the sheriff will be there too, with his silly fucking crew,
They've got fuck all else to do, so fuck 'em all.

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all,
I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all,
I saw Molly in the crowd, and I felt so fucking proud,
That I shouted right out loud, fuck 'em all.

Oh, the hangman pulled the rope, fuck 'em all,
Oh, the hangman pulled the rope, fuck 'em all,
Oh, the hangman pulled the rope, what a silly fucking joke,
Now my goddamned neck is broke, so F-U-C-K 'EM A-L-L.

THE SCOTCH WEDDING

Oh, the king was in the counting house,
A-counting out his wealth.
The queen was in the bedroom
A-playing with herself.

CHORUS: Singing balls to your partner,
Your ass against the wall;
If you don't get laid on Saturday night,
You'll never get laid at all.

Oh, the bride was in the bedroom
Explaining to the groom,
The vagina, not the rectum
Is the entrance to the womb.

CHORUS:

Oh, the local vicar he was there,
And very surprised to see
Four and twenty maidenheads
A-hanging from a tree.

CHORUS:

Oh, the village parson he was there,
And he wasn't proud,
Hanging from the chandler
And pissing on the crowd.

CHORUS:

Oh, the parson's wife, Oh, she was there,
Seated down in front,
A wreath of roses 'round her neck
And a carrot up her cunt.

CHORUS:

Oh, the parson's daughter, Oh, she was there
She had them all in fits,
Diving from the mantle piece and
Landing on her tits.

CHORUS:

Oh, the village idiot, he was there,
A-seated by the fire,
Amusing himself by abusing himself
With an India rubber tire.

CHORUS:

Oh, the idiot's brother he was there,
Actin' quite the fool,
With his foreskin in his hand
He was whistling through his tool.

CHORUS:

Oh, the letter carrier he was there,
A clumsy sort of ox,
He screwed all the women
Then he screwed the letter box.

CHORUS:

Oh, the village cripple he was there,
He couldn't do too much,
He laid 'em all along the floor
And screwed 'em with his crutch.

CHORUS:

Oh, the chimney sweep, Oh, he was there,
He had a very large root,
But every time he let a fart
He filled the room with soot.

CHORUS:

Oh, the village butcher he was there,
His clever in his hand,
And every time he turned around
He circumcised the band.

CHORUS:

Oh, the village blacksmith he was there,
His hammer and his awls,
He was talkin' to the countess
And showing off his balls.

CHORUS:

Oh, the haberdasher he was there,
Doing this and that,
Whappin' his meat with a regular beat
And catchin' it in his hat.

CHORUS:

There was fuckin' in the barley
And fuckin' in the oats,
Some were fuckin' sheep
and some were fuckin' goats

CHORUS:

They were fuckin' in the hayloft,
And fuckin' in the ricks,
You could not hear the music
For the slushing of the pricks.

CHORUS:

They were fuckin' in the hallways,
And fuckin' on the stairs,
You couldn't see the carpet
For the cum and curly hairs.

CHORUS.

NELLIE DARLING

Oh, your ass is like a stovepipe Nellie darling,
And the nipples on your tits are turning green,
There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel,
You're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen.

There's a million crabs abounding 'round your pussy,
When you piss, you piss a stream as green as grass,
There's enough wax in your ear to make a candle
So why not make one dear and shove it up your ass!

SALLY

Sally in the alley sifting cinders,
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man,
Wind from her asshole broke six windows,
Cheeks of her as went BAM BAM BAM!

FIGHTER PILOT'S HYMN

By the ring around his eyeball, you can tell a bombardier,
You can tell a bomber pilot by the spread across his rear.
You can tell a navigator by his Loran, maps and such,
You can tell a fighter pilot, but you cannot tell him much.

CHORUS: It's a lie, It's a lie,
You can tell the silly bastards it's a lie, lie, lie
It's a lie, It's a lie
You can tell the silly bsatards it's a silly fucking lie.

We fly our fucking phantoms at ten thousand fucking feet,
We fly them through the rain and snow and through the fucking sleet
And though we think we're flying south,
We're flying fucking north,
And we make a fucking landing on the firth of fucking forth.

CHORUS:

We fly our fucking phantoms down at fifty fucking feet.
We fly those fucking phantoms through the bamboo, trees and wheat
First we're flying fucking up and then we're flying fucking down,
And you'll be the first to know it when you hit the fucking ground.

CHORUS:

First lady forward and the second lady back,
Third lady's finger up the fourth lady's crack.
All gather 'round to the center of the room,
Will the lady who just farted kindly leave the fucking room.

CHORUS

BALLS OF O'LEARY

The balls of O'leary
Are wrinkled and hairy,
They're shapely and stately
Like the dome of St. Pauls.

The women all muster
To view that great cluster,
They stand and they stare,
At that bloody great pair
Of O'leary's balls.

BIG FUCKIN' WHEEL

An old pilot told me before he died,
And I don't believe that old bastard lied,
He had a girl with a cunt so wide,
That she could not be satisfied.

So he built himself a big fuckin' wheel,
And on it he mounted a big prick of steel,
Two balls of brass he filled with cream,
And the whole damn thing was run by steam!

And around and around went the big fuckin' wheel
And in and out went that big prick of steel
And in and out until she cried
"Enough, enough I'm satisfied."

So he mounted that bitch on his big fuckin' wheel.
She smiled when she saw that big prick of steel.
She fucked it and bucked it until she cried:
"Enough, enough I'm satisfied."

But therewas just one thing wrong with it,
There was no way of stopping it!
It split her cunt from her ass to her tits,
And the whole damn place was covered in shit!

And around and around went the big fuckin' wheel
And in and out went that big prick of steel
And in and out until she cried:
"Enough, enough" and then she died!

I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do
I love her truly
I love the whole that she pisses through.
I love her ruby red lips
Her lilly white tits
And her little brown asshole
I'd eat her shit, gobble, gobble, chomp, chomp
With a rusty spoon!

THROW A NICKLE ON THE GRASS

It was midnight in Thailand
All the crew members were in bed
When up stepped Colonel _____
And this is what he said
"Phantoms, gentle phantoms, Phantoms one and all"
Pilots gentle pilots, and all the pilots shouted "Balls!"
When up stepped a young lieutenant
With a voice as harsh as brass
"You can take those fuckin' Phantom Jets and shove them up your :

CHORUS: Halleujah, Oh halleujah, throw a nickle on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's ass.
Halleujah, Oh halleujah, throw a nickle on the grass
And you'll be saved.

Cruising down the valley, doing six and twenty per
There came a call from the major, "Oh, won't you help me sir
I've got three big flak holes in my wings, my tanks ain't got no g
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I've got six Migs on my ass!

CHORUS:

I shot my traffic pattern, to me it looked alright
The airspeed read one-fifty, my God I racked it tight
The airframe gave a shudder, the engines gave a wheeze
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, spin instructions please!

CHORUS:

Shot my crosswind pattern, the left wing hit the ground
There came a call from mobile, pull up and go around
I racked that Phantom in the air a dozen feet or more
One engine quit, I almost shit, the gear came through the floor!

CHORUS:

Split S on my bomb pass, I got too fucking low
I pressed the bloody button, let those babies go
I sucked the stick down my guts, I hit a high speed stall
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall!

CHORUS:

They sent me up to Hanoi, the brief said "mock mock ack ack"
By the time I got there my wings were holed by flak
My airspeed went into a spin, it would no longer fly
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I am too young to die!

CHORUS:

I punched out of that Phantom, my landing was top line
With my E&E equipment, I headed on a Southwest line
When I opened up my seat kit, to see what was in it
The fuckin' quartermaster had filled it full of shit!

CHORUS:

Now in this Commie prison camp, I am obliged to sit
For one cannot go too far on a seat kit full of shit
If I am ever again free, I will no longer fly
But, I'll have that quartermaster's ass for breakfast til I die!

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the first day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
A hand job in a pear tree.

On the second day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Two brass balls and a hand job in a pear tree.

3rd day---Three French ticklers
4th day---Four cocksuckers
5th day---Five mother fuckers
6th day---Six sacks of shit
7th day---Seven scrotums swinging
8th day---Eight assholes aching
9th day---Nine nyphos snibbling
10th day---Ten tits a-tingling
11th day---Eleven lesbians licking
12th day---Twelve twats a-twitching

SIX POUNDS OF BOOBIES

Six pounds of boobies in a loose brassiere
An old used condom in a glass of beer
A twat that twitches like a moose's ear
These foolish things remind me of you.

A dirty whore strolling down the street
A bloody tampon in the rumbleseat
I love my poontang but I beat my meat
These foolish things remind me of you.

FIGHTER PILOTS EAT PUSSY

I once knew a man from Nantuckett,
Whose dick was so long he could suck it.
He said with a grin
As he wiped off his chin:
"If my ear were a cunt I would fuck it!"

CHORUS: AYE, aye, aye, aye
Fighter pilots eat pussy.
So let's have another verse,
That's worse than the other verse,
And waltz me around by my willie.

A plumber named Magee
Was plumbing his girl by the sea.
When all of a sudden
She said: "Quick, someone's comin"
Tee hee said Magee it's me!

CHORUS:

There once was a pirate named Bates,
Who fandangled on roller skates.
He fell on his cutlass
Which rendered him nutless
And now he is useless on dates!

CHORUS:

I once knew a hermit named Dave,
Who kept a dead whore in his cave.
He had to admit
That it stunk like shit
But think of the money he saved!

CHORUS:

I once knew a young girl from Pizes,
Who had tits of two different sizes.
The one was so small
It was nothing at all
And the other so large it won prizes!

CHORUS:

There once was a girl from Capri,
Who was raped by an ape in a tree.
The outcome was horrid
All ass and no forehead
Six balls and a purple goatee!

CHORUS:

There once was a girl from Bermuda,
Who thought that no one was shrewder.
She thought it was shrewd
To neck in the nude
But Magruder was shrewder, he screwed her!

CHORUS:

I once knew a young girl named Alice,
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallus.
They found her vagina
In North Carolina
And her tits hanging somewhere in Dallas!

CHORUS:

I once knew a lady from Wheeling,
Endowed with a delicate feeling.
She layed on her back
And tickled her crack
And pissed all over the ceiling!

CHORUS:

There once was a man from Berlin,
Who's dick was as thin as a pin.
She said with a grin
As he stuck it in
It sure ain't much of a sin!

CHORUS:

I once knew a young girl from Rheims,
Who was heavenly plagued with wet dreams.
She collected a dozen
Sent them to her cousin
Who ate them but thought they were creams!

CHORUS:

There once was a man from Peru,
Who fell asleep in a canoe,
While dreaming of Venus
And clutching his penis,
He awoke with a handful of goo!

CHORUS:

There once was a farmer named Fritz,
Who planted an acre of tits.
They came up in the fall
Pink nipples and all
And he literally chewed them to bits!

CHORUS:

I once knew a young girl from France,
Who jumped on a train by chance.
The engineer fucked her
And 'so the conductor
And the brakeman licked the stains off her pants!

CHORUS:

There once was a man from Algiers,
Who screwed his wife under the piers.
A big fish came along
And bit off his dong
So he ordered a new one from Sears!

CHORUS:

There once was a man from Boston,
Who bought himself a little red Austin.
There was room for his ass
And a gallon of gas
But his balls hung out and he lost them!

CHORUS:

There once was a young girl from Norway,
Who stood on her head in the doorway.
She said with a grin
To her young boyfriend
"I think I've discovered one more way!"

CHORUS:

I once knew a man from Moline,
Who invented a jack-off machine.
On the ninety-ninth stroke
The goddamned thing broke
And it hammered his nuts to cream!

CHORUS:

I once knew a young man from Kent,
Whose dick was so long it was bent.
To save himself trouble
He stuck it in double
And instead of coming he went!

CHORUS:

I once knew a man from Bel Aire,
Who screwed his girl on the stair.
The bannister broke
So he shortened his stroke
And he finished it off in mid-air!

CHORUS:

I once knew a girl from Bombay,
Whose cunt was made out of clay.
The heat of his prick
Turned it into a brick
And he filed all his foreskin away!

CHORUS:

I once knew a man from Fort Worth,
The grossest man on earth.
He ate out his mother
And jacked-off his brother
And licked up his wife's afterbirth!

JOLLY JOLLY ENGLAND

Oh, I don't want to be a pilot,
I don't want to go to war.
I just want to hang around Piccadilly on the ground,
Livin' off the earnings of me high born lady.
Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
Wednesday what success; I lifted up her dress,
Thursday her chemisey I did see.
Now, Friday I put my hand on it,
Saturday she gave me balls a tweak, tweak, tweak.
It was Sunday after supper I shoved the old boy up 'er
And now she earns me seven and six a week, Cor' Blimey!
I don't want to be a pilot,
I don't want to go to war.
I just want to hang around Piccadilly on the ground,
Livin' off the earnings of me high born lady.
I don't want a bullet up me arse hole,
I don't want me buttocks shot away.
I just want to stay in England, in Jolly, Jolly England,
And fornicate me bloomin' life away!

"LUPEE"

Way down in Cunt Valley
Where the Red River flows,
Where war mongers flourish and cocksuckers grow,
That's where I met Lupee the girl I adore,
She's a hot fuckin', cock suckin', Mexican whore.

CHORUS: Pecker pecker boom, pecker pecker boom,
Pecker pecker boom -- Boom Boom.

The first time I saw her she was a virgin of eight,
Swinging to and fro on the garden gate,
She slipped off the iron latch,
The cross-bar went IN,
And ever since then she's been living in sin!

CHORUS:

The next time I saw her was early one fall,
She was waiting on tables at the Cocksucker's Ball,
She'd cost you a quarter,
No less and no more,
She's a hot fuckin', cock suckin', Mexican whore.

CHORUS:

She'll fuck you, she'll rheem you, she'll suck on your nuts,
And if you're not careful she'll suck out your guts,
She'll wrap her legs 'round you,
Til you think you'll die,
I'd rather eat Lupee than sweet cherry pie!

CHORUS:

Now Lupee has died and she lies in her tomb,
The worms crawling out of her decomposed womb,
But the look on her face
Is a look wanting more,
She's a hot fuckin', cock suckin', Mexican whore.

RIP THE FEATHERS AWAY

Rip the feathers away,
Oh, rip the feathers away,
The ass of a duck
Makes a wonderful fuck,
When you rip the feathers away!

AIR FORCE LAMENT

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fl
But now these hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by
The Air Force has gone to HELL!

CHORUS: Fucking Flying Regulations
 Have them read at every station
 Crucify the man who breaks them,
 The Air Force has gone to HELL!

My bones have felt their pounding thump a hundred thousand strong,
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong,
But now it's only memory, It only lives in song,
The Air Force has gone to HELL!

CHORUS :

I have seen them in their phantoms when their eyes were dancing fl
I've seen their screaming high speed dives that blasted Hanoi's na
Now they're told to fly like sissies and they hang their heads in
The Air Force is shot to HELL! shame,

CHORUS :

They flew their rugged phantoms through a living hell of flak,
And bloody dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back,
But now they all play ping pong in the Operations Shack,
The Air Force is shot to HELL!

CHORUS:

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang the fighting song,
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong,
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong
The Air Force is shot to HELL!

CHORUS :

We were cocky, bold and happy when we played the angel's game,
We split the blue with buzzing and we rolled our way to fame.
But now that's all VERBOTEN and we're all so fuckin' tame,
Our spirit's shot to HELL!

CHORUS:

Yes, the lordly Boeing Fortress and the Liberators, too,
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue,
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew,
The Air Force is shot to HELL!

CHORUS:

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap,
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap,
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that,
Or you will burn in HELL!

CHORUS:

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the days of old,
When pilots took their choice of being old or "young and bold."
Alas, I have no choice and I will live to be quite old,
The Air Force is shot to HELL!

CHORUS:

GIB OF THE SKY

Back seat for sale or rent
Radar set fifty cents
He's got no landings yet
No takeoff will he get
Four hours on the boom in a
Cockpit with no damn room He's a
Man who flies but don't fly
GIB of the sky.

He knows every instrument every dial
He gets occasional stick time once in a while
And every week when the weather is clear
The A/C may let him lower the gear.

He rides in the rumble seat
And thinks its quite a treat
His A/C will take care
While he rides through the air
He takes up extra room He rides
Through the sonic boom He's a
Man who flies but don't fly
GIB of the sky.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get her old dog a bone,
But when she bent over,
Old Rover drove 'er
And found he had a bone of his own!

THE WILD WEST SHOW

CHORUS: Oh, we're off to see the Wild West Show,
The elephants and the kangaroo-oo-ooes
No matter what the weather, as long as we're together
We're off to see the Wild West Show...

Ah yes, ladies and gentlemen, in this corner of the Wild West Show we have one of the most amazing, most incredible, most fantastic animals ever to be seen by the eyes of mortal man. Yes, in this corner of the Wild West show we have the amazing porcupine! (reaction) What's a porcupine?....Well, a porcupine is the only animal in the Wild West show that has a thousand pricks! (No, Lady, he isn't for sale!)).....(CHORUS)

.....The Bam-rat-tat-tat bird has 4* legs and a 12" scrotum
And when he lands on a corrugated roof he goes, "Bam-rat-tat-tat,
Bam-rat-tat-tat.....CHORUS

.....Lulu the Tattooed Lady has Merry Christmas tattooed up one thigh and "Happy New Year" on the other thigh and her favorite expression is "Why don't come up and see me between holidays!".....
CHORUS

.....Lulu the Tattooed Lady's Seester has a "W" tattooed on each buttock and when she does flips it spells "Wow, Mom, Wow!"....
CHORUS

.....the Gee-rafe is a great giant animal with 12' legs and when he walks into a bar he says, "The highballs are on me!".....
CHORUS

.....THE O-rang-a-tang is a huge hairy ape with one great ball of brass and one great ball of steel and when he swings through the trees he goes, "O-rang-a-tang, O-rang-a-tang!".....CHORUS

..... the OO-AH bird, there are only two OO-AH birds in existence, one lives at the North Pole and one lives at the South Pole and once a year they meet together at the equator and all you can hear is, "OOOO-AHHH, OOOO-AHHH.".....Chorus

.....the Fuh-cah-wee Tribe is a band of pygmies four feet high that live in grass six feet high and when they walk through the grass they say, "Where the fuh-cah-wee, where the fuh-cah-wee!"....
CHORUS

.....the PhTTTT Bird is a rather small bird that has one wing six inches long and the other wing three inches long and when he flies, he flies in circles of ever decreasing radii until he flies up his own asshole with a "PHTTTT!".....CHORUS

.....THE pervertible convertible is the only car in the world
that seats two in the front seat and 69 in the back seat!.....CHOR

.....the OUCH Bird is a huge giant bird with a twelve foot wing
span, five foot legs and a six foot dick and every time he tries
to land he goes, "OUCH, OUCH, OUCH!".....CHORUS

.....The Bengal Tiger is a 500 pound pussy that'll eat you!.....
CHORUS

SEXUAL LIFE OF A CAMEL

Oh, the sexual life of a camel,
Is stranger than anyone thinks
For in moments of amorous passion
He tries to make love to the Sphinx.

But the Sphinx's posterior orifice,
Is clogged with the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the hump on the camel,
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

THE MOUSE

The liquor was spilled on the barroom floor,
And the bar was closed for the night,
When out of a hole came a little brown mouse
And sat in the pale moonlight.

He lapped up the liquor on the barroom floor
And back on his haunches he sat
And all night long you could hear him roar,
"BRING ON THAT GOD DAMNED CAT!!!!!!!!!!!!"

OUR BABY

Our baby died last night,
She died of suicide,
She died to spite us
Of spinal meningitis,
She was a bad baby anyway
And so we ate her.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

I wish all young girls were like statues of Venus,
And I were a man with a petrified penis.

CHORUS: Oh, roll your leg over,
Oh, roll your leg over,
Oh, roll your leg over,
It's better that way!

I wish all young girls were like diamonds and rubies,
And I were a jeweler I'd suck on their boobies.

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like holes in a road,
And I were a dump truck I'd dump in my load.

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like pies on a shelf,
And I were a baker I'd eat them myself.

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like little red foxes,
And I were a fox I would tickle their boxes.

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like trees in a forest,
And I were a woodsman I'd split their clitoris.

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like waves in the ocean,
And I were a ship I would show them the motion.

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like bats in a steeple,
And I were a bat there'd be more bats than people.

CHORUS

FIREMAN

Oh, for the life of a fireman,
To sit on a fire engine red,
To say to a team of white horses
Go ahead, Go ahead, Go ahead.

My father ~~was~~ is a fireman - he puts out fires.
My brother is a fireman - he puts out fires.
My sister Sal is a fireman's gal - she puts out, too.